

M.S.C.

A WAYFARER

GUERNSEY.

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GUERNSEY

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GUERNSEY

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PREFACE

As he who, wandering through a fair garden, gathering here a bud and there a blossom, yet finds in his completed nosegay but a reminder and a faint suggestion of the sweetness and beauty of the garden whence it came, so our book, while recalling Guernsey's blue sea and sunny shore, leaves by far the greater part of the loveliness and indescribable charm of the little Island still untold.

“An empty sky, a world of heather,
Purple of foxglove—yellow of broom;
We two among them wading together
Shaking out honey, treading perfume.

“Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet,
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.”

JEAN INGELow.

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ST. PETER PORT

THE town of St. Peter Port rises in terraces, their regularity broken by masses of fine trees, by gay gardens, and by the larger buildings, such as the Elizabeth College, Castle Carey with its magnificent position high among the elms, commanding the harbour and outlook toward Jersey, and the various churches, notably the old and very fine Church of St. Pierre.

Looking seaward over the harbour one comprehends the delight of the yachtsman in this safe and lovely resting-place. Castle Cornet, with its piles of rugged rocks and its long breakwater and lighthouse, defends the south side, while the White Rock, stretching northward, then curving toward the lighthouse, shields vessels from the north winds and makes convenient anchorage for them at all tides.

Jersey lies on the south horizon, and directly facing the harbour are Sark, Herm, and Jethou, their cliffs and beaches plainly visible, and adding interest to this very attractive view.

Either full of bustle, when the boats come in, or at an ordinary hour with the yachts and smaller craft rocking at anchor upon the blue water, or perhaps fairest in the clear moonlight, the harbour, seen from this point, is always charming.



ST. PETER PORT



ST. JULIAN'S AVENUE



THE MARKET HOUSE

ST. JULIAN'S AVENUE

THIS road, leading from the harbour toward the Grange, is one of the avenues of fine trees, of which there are several in Guernsey. The monument on the left was erected to the memory of the Guernsey men who fell in the Boer War, and bears an appropriate inscription, together with their names. It was unveiled by the Duke of Connaught in 1905. On the hill to the right are the Pleasure Gardens known as Candie Grounds.

THE MARKET HOUSE

WHO will wander through the Flower Market in early summer will fully understand why Guernsey is called "Carnation Island," for here, in red and white, yellow and pink, and every possible colour, these lovely blossoms scent the air. Narcissi in early spring—roses later—one succession of flowers all the year round.

In the Fish Market are often seen odd and rare specimens caught in the Guernsey bays. Such whiting too, as one sees nowhere else, and conger weighing 30 lb. and more. The butchers' stalls are all in one section of the Market together, and another arcade is set apart for the traders in vegetable produce.

ST. PETER PORT CHURCH

THE earliest reference to this church is in a charter dated 1048, in which it was given, with others, by Duke William of Normandy to the Benedictine Abbey of Marmontier.

It is built principally of granite, the tower being exceptionally fine, and many of the architectural features of the church are curious and interesting.

Standing as it does upon the quay, and just at the bottom of High Street, this ancient pile must have witnessed many stirring scenes and stormy days; while around it have surged the tides of human life in weal or woe for so many centuries.

The present Rector, Rev. G. E. Lee, took the initiative in a careful restoration of his beautiful church in 1886, which revealed many attractions previously hidden, and rendered more popular than ever the "Town Church," as it is affectionately called by the Guernsey people.



ST. PETER PORT CHURCH



THE ROYAL COURT HOUSE

THE ROYAL COURT HOUSE

GUERNSEY has its own particular form of Home Rule.

The building here shown is the court where the governing body, composed of the Bailiff and twelve Jurats, meets, and all matters of moment are decided. The Lieutenant-Governor, who is appointed by the Crown, usually for five years, has control over all military matters and sits in the States meetings, but has no vote. The Bailiff, who is appointed by the Crown for life, is Chief Magistrate, and presides over both the States and the Royal Court. The costumes of the Jurats and Advocates are unusual and picturesque.

It was from the steps of the Royal Court that the Lieutenant-Governor proclaimed the accession of King Edward to a great assembly of loyal islanders.

CASTLE CORNET

THE Castle is tenanted by the Garrison Artillery, and nobody admitted unless on business, or by special permit obtained from the Lieutenant-Governor's office.

It was originally separated from the main Island, but a road has for many years been built upon piles of rock, and from the town to the lighthouse is a pleasant walk, with all the freshness and none of the hackneyed associations of the ordinary pier. From the top of the Castle incoming vessels are sighted and signalled, and at noon and half-past nine in the evening a gun is fired, to mark those hours.

When the Governor of the Island is going away, a salute is fired from the Castle, and, of course, the Royal birthdays are similarly observed.

It is believed that Castle Cornet dates from the twelfth century, and well known that it has passed through many vicissitudes, especially in the Stuart times, when it was the last fortress in the British Islands to yield to Cromwell and his party, after having suffered a siege of over eight years. The town being for Cromwell, hostilities were severe and feeling much embittered.



CASTLE CORNET



ELIZABETH COLLEGE



THE LADIES' COLLEGE

ELIZABETH COLLEGE

THIS College is to many persons one of the chief points of interest in Guernsey, since their residence in the Island is primarily due to their desire that their sons should avail themselves of its privileges and advantages. The College was founded by Queen Elizabeth in 1563, and the names of many past students are distinguished in their country's service. The College course is liberal, the fees moderate. The numerous scholarships and exhibitions should commend themselves to the notice of parents. The latest addition, the Ozanne Laboratory, generously endowed by the Royal Court, is a boon to the whole Island.

THE LADIES' COLLEGE

THE College stands in its own lovely garden, where croquet and tennis are played, and tea offered on special occasions to visitors who come by invitation of the Lady Principal to be present at the Prize-giving or some such function. In the hall is the organ, a recently acquired addition to the other musical facilities of the College. Besides the various classes held here, the hall is also used for concerts, lectures, and plays by the College students.

HAUTEVILLE HOUSE

THIS was the residence of the French writer, Victor Hugo, from 1855 to 1870, and is still in possession of his family, who keep it just as it was in the days of their celebrated ancestor, and permit visitors to inspect this veritable treasure-house of interesting relics.

The house stands in a beautiful garden and commands a grand view of the harbour. Room after room is shown, and its treasures pointed out, until the study is reached—quite at the top of the house—a glass-enclosed room, looking out to sea, where still remain the desk at which Victor Hugo wrote and the couch where he rested, gathering fresh images and ideas for delicate poem or glowing romance.



HAUTEVILLE HOUSE



THE HALL



THE SMOKING ROOM

THE HALL

FROM the very doorstep romance and mystery surround us, and rare and valuable objects meet our eyes.

Victor Hugo must, indeed, have been virtuoso as well as poet, so wonderful is this collection of strange and beautiful things. Quaint china, magnificently carved oak furniture, brass work, tapestry, glass from Venice, and many more personal relics, tell of the strong personality and fine taste of him who brought them all together here.

THE SMOKING ROOM

ON the ceiling is an idyll in Gobelin tapestry. Here and there, Japanese panels ; old Breton furniture ; on the wall, a portrait in crayon of the poet.

THE OAK GALLERY

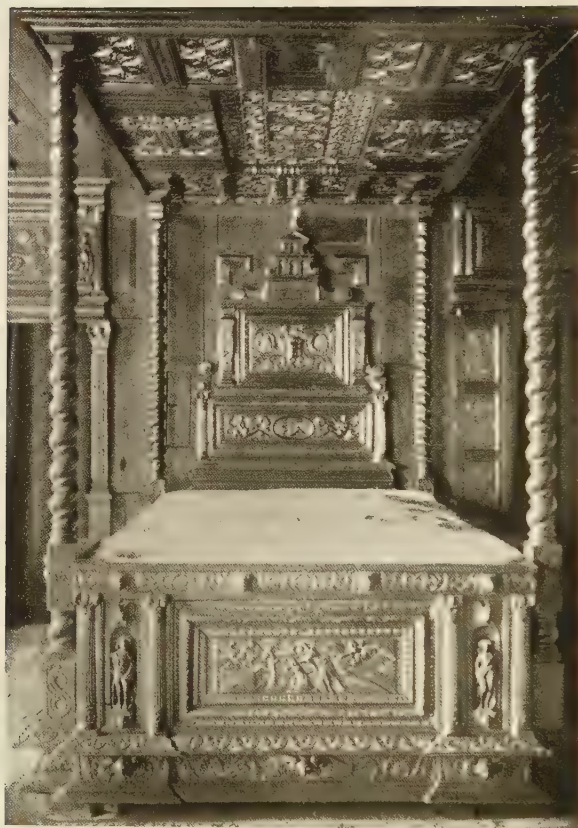
HERE is shown a carved oak table which belonged to the son of King Louis XIV. Beside this table stand three large chairs, bearing respectively the carved inscriptions: "Father," "Mother," and "the first born beloved son." The panels are of old Mexican design; and the candelabra of carved oak, with thirty-two branches, was designed by Victor Hugo.

The furniture and seats are covered with old leather, bordered with gilt nails. There are two old oak pews taken from a French Cathedral, and some fine tapestry of the thirteenth century, cleaned and repaired in Paris in 1895.

The entrance to the Garibaldi bedroom is between two Indian carved and coloured pillars supporting a curious round convex mirror.



THE OAK GALLERY



THE GARIBALDI ROOM

THE GARIBALDI ROOM

So called because, in 1860, Victor Hugo had it prepared with the intention of entertaining there the famous Italian hero, who, after all, was not able to come. A bed stands in the middle, with canopy supported by pillars. At the head of the bedstead is a most odd little head in ivory, one half represented as full of life and smiling, the other half as a skeleton. Engraved by Victor Hugo on the wood of the bed are the words "Night," "Death," "Light." On the wall is an Italian ornament, inlaid with ivory and flanked on either side by other curious ornaments; under these are inscriptions by Victor Hugo.

THE TAPESTRY ROOM

HERE are, upon the ceilings and the walls, Gobelin tapestries, one of the panels representing a hunting party with falcons, and introducing the portraits of Madame de Pompadour and Louis XV. The oak furniture is all oddly carved, as Victor Hugo made his collection by gathering together bits here and there, carried away and bought at a high price from the old farms in the district.

THE RED DRAWING ROOM

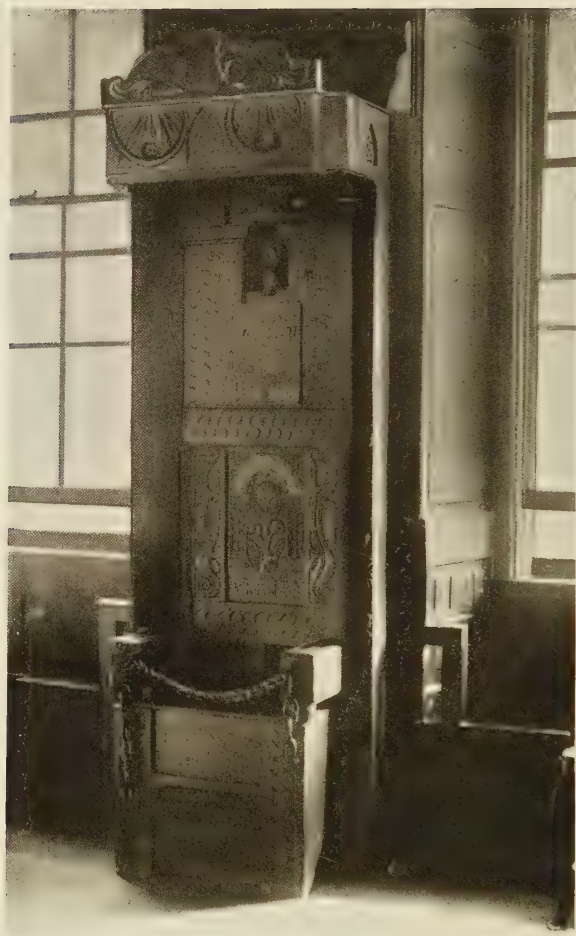
THE walls and ceiling are covered with tapestry which belonged to Queen Christina of Sweden, and were originally embroidered in pearls and gold. Four gilded statues, brought from the Palace of the Doges at Venice, are in this room ; also a screen embroidered by Madame de Pompadour, a Spanish brazier, and a table richly inlaid with ivory, which once belonged to King Charles II of England. The mantel-border has upon it a belt given to Victor Hugo by a great Polish General.



THE TAPESTRY ROOM



THE RED DRAWING ROOM



VICTOR HUGO'S CHAIR

THE DINING ROOM

A CARVED oak ceiling; walls and chimney piece fitted with Delft ware; various inscriptions engraved by Victor Hugo—upon the inside of the door: “Life is an exile”; on the cornice of the ceiling a French verse. In the window recess is the old family chair, dating from 1534, guarded from access by a chain. Another treasure is a saltcellar, made by a pupil of Michael Angelo, valued at 15,000 francs. The Rothschild family possess the only other existing specimen. In this room is also a statuette of Notre Dame, date 1756.

BATHING PLACE, LA VALETTE

A DELIGHTFUL stroll for a sunny afternoon is La Valette. Shaded by a fern-covered cliff are the Public Gardens, where the wanderer may take his ease, listening to the splash of the fountain or the breaking of the waves on the beach below. Or, if he be of a more active disposition, here are the Bathing Places—to the north the Gentlemen's Pool, to the south the one set apart for Ladies—both well appointed and convenient. The road ends in an archway called the Tunnel, which runs partly under the Fort, through which is seen a charming view of sea and cliff, well worth the walk. By a winding upward path the Fort is entered.



BATHING PLACE, LA VALETTE



VICTORIA TOWER



GUILE-ALLÈS LIBRARY

VICTORIA TOWER

A CLIMB of a hundred feet, and the magnificent view from the top of the Tower is spread before us.

On a clear day almost the whole of the Island can be seen. The Tower was built in 1848, in memory of the visit of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort to Guernsey.

GUILLE-ALLÈS LIBRARY AND MUSEUM

THIS fine institution was founded by Mr. Thomas Guille and Mr. Frederick Mansell Allès, who returned to their native Island after many years' business partnership in New York, and forms a lasting memorial to their generosity and patriotism. Over seventy thousand volumes find a place in the library, and the Museum contains good natural history, antiquarian, and art collections.

In connexion with the Library is the Artisans' Institute, the Natural Science Society and the Antiquarian Society hold their meetings here, and there is a flourishing Choral and Orchestral Society under the Library auspices. The management is vested in a Board and Council, the very popular and courteous managing director being Mr. J. Linwood Pitts.

ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH

STANDING in the midst of this sunniest of parishes, in a sunny churchyard, where the longest of grasses and gayest of buttercups wave above ancient graves, this old church has a fascination all its own. At the gate stands a post similar to the one in the C  tel churchyard, carved to represent a human figure, very quaint and curious, and celebrated in legend as "la Dame de St. Martin." An old house in the same parish has a stone with the same head carved upon it, built into the wall, but only the head.

THE DOYLE COLUMN

ERECTED to the memory of Sir John Doyle, who, as Governor of Guernsey (1804-15), constructed many of the main roads and organized the defences of the Island, this column stands in an imposing position on the headland that divides Moulin Huet and Fermain Bays. The cliffs below are covered in springtime with primroses, and later in the year they blaze with gorse and heather. To the climber this part of the Island is a delight indeed.



ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH



THE DOYLE COLUMN



COTTAGE AT LA VILLETTE



FERMAIN BAY

COTTAGE AT LA VILLETTE

THIS is a representative of the quaint old farm-houses which abound in Guernsey. Notice the date (1610) above the doorway, which is a fine example of the old Norman arch.

This farm has been in the possession of the Priaulx family for the last three hundred years, and is still inhabited by the descendants of the original owners. Certain primitive conditions still prevail: the floors are simply hard earth, the huge fire-place is still kept glowing with furze and bracken. The upper rooms are reached by a granite stairway, which was probably outside the house when first built, but for comfort's sake walled in in later years.

The furniture is very old, and possibly very valuable—certainly of considerable interest.

FERMAIN BAY

A LITTLE sandy cove just beyond the Fort, and the first of the series of bays along the southern coast.

Fermain Bay has its Martello Tower, of course—the watch tower and guardian of the bay in bygone days, now a picturesque addition to Nature's abundant attractions here.

MOULIN HUET BAY

THIS is called the most beautiful of the Guernsey bays ; its claim to the distinction is, at any rate, well founded. Great piles of detached rock are strewn on the beach, yet leave space for stretches of beautiful sand, where bathing is freely enjoyed at certain states of the tide. Above rise steep cliffs, first black and jagged, then veiled by creepers, covered with gorse and moon daisies, and full of blossom and beauty in every ledge and cranny. The four rocks at the point are called the Pea Stacks, or sometimes "The Apostles."

One rock, called "Andrelot," is considered the guardian spirit of the bay. The fishermen still throw him some small offering, that he may give them good fortune in their fishing.



MOULIN HUET BAY



DOG AND LION ROCKS



WATER LANE, MOULIN HUET

DOG AND LION ROCKS

THOUGH in Moulin Huet Bay, these rocks are best seen further round the point, as their resemblance to a lion couchant, and a dog baying, is clearer at a distance. Moulin Huet is full of rocks, quaintly named from some fancied likeness or popular tradition.

WATER LANE, MOULIN HUET

ANARROW, winding pathway, sloping to the bay, overhung with trees, and shut in on each side by banks of ferns and flowers, and bushes of wild rose, hawthorn, and blackberry, this is the Water Lane. And the water? Well, that is tinkling, chattering, laughing, peeping under the ferns and among the iris spikes, down, down, and away to the sea, to mingle its gay song with the mighty voice of the waves below.

THE WISHING WELL

THIS stands at the head of the descent to Moulin Huet Bay. Visitors are invited to drop in a pin and wish; but, despite its picturesque appearance, there are other wells in the Island whose position is more correct for "wishing." Note the old arched doorway of the cottage beyond.

LE VALLON

THIS is the beautifully situated residence of General de Vie Carey, and of his daughter, Miss Edith F. Carey, the authoress of several works on Guernsey, and a great authority upon its history and folk-lore generally.

The house stands at the head of Moulin Huet Bay, but is hidden by magnificent trees, which are equalled by few in the Island.

The door is quaintly carved—the figures above and at the side are noteworthy.



THE WISHING WELL, MOULIN HUET



LE VALLON



SAINT'S BAY

SAINT'S BAY

FROM the battery on the cliff we look outward over tossing waves, where blue and green and purple blend and change until they merge into grey on the dim horizon far away ; then we turn to look into the bay below us, where the little fishing boats rock lightly on water of intensest blue, breaking gently on the sloping beach, and splashing over the brown rocks at the foot of the enclosing cliffs.

The cliffs are steep and magnificent, full of winding paths, and tempting corners to rest in as we climb.

The tower which guards the bay lends an extra touch of stately serenity to the general aspect of stillness and deep repose.

“Its bowery hollows crowned with summer sea.”

ICART POINT

THIS bold headland commands a grand and extensive view. Dismantled barracks and batteries recall days less peaceful, and many tales of smuggling exploits are told of the caves and small beaches below the Point. The "Petite Coupée," a narrow neck of rock, reminds of the grander Coupée in Sark, and is itself, though on a smaller scale, a fine wild piece of rock scenery.

PETIT BÔT BAY

HERE is the spot for the fern collector, for the cave explorer, in fact for the lover of nature and the picturesque in every form.

The long winding ravine leading down to the bay displays fresh beauties in cliff, and bush, and tree at every turn. The Mill Wheel and Round Tower at the foot of the valley are exquisitely situated, and though the bay is small and shut in, there are grand caves and glorious cliffs to be climbed and enjoyed, and the view from the battery on the further headland is magnificent. Out of the world we seem, yet with a world of beauty, and freshness, and grandeur all round us, exhilarating to body and mind alike.



ICART POINT



PETIT BÔT BAY



ST. PIERRE DU BOIS



THE CHAPEL OF ST. APOLLINE

ST. PIERRE DU BOIS

BEAUTIFULLY situated, simple and dignified, this is one of Guernsey's finest country churches. The square, embattled tower, rose window, and old doorway and porch are worth notice. The floor rises gradually toward the east end.

The services are principally in French, which is best understood by the country folk. The late Dean of Guernsey, Rev. Carey Brock, was Rector of St. Pierre du Bois, and his wife was well known as the author of "Sunday Echoes," and other religious books for children.

We are now about five and a quarter miles from St. Peter Port.

THE CHAPEL OF ST. APOLLINE

IN 1392 Nicholas Henry built this chapel that Mass might daily be said for his soul and that of his wife Philippa. In the Church of St. Pierre Port there is a small silver burette, anciently used in celebration of the Mass at St. Apolline and given to the St. Pierre Port Church by the Guille family.

The interior, about 27 feet by 13 feet, is plain and empty; but remains of fresco paintings are distinctly visible upon walls and ceiling.

TORTEVAL CHURCH

THIS church, with its odd, round tower and spire, is built upon the site of an earlier building, that owed its origin to the piety of one Philip de Carteret, of Jersey, who, being in peril at sea in the year 1129, vowed to erect a church on the first land he reached, should his life be preserved. The vessel came safely ashore at Rocquaine Bay, and the church was duly built.

The scenery in this district is wild and rocky; a fine natural arch and steep precipices at Les Tielles are some of the finest features.

ROCQUAINE CASTLE AND PLEINMONT

MANY small forts and batteries at one time defended the flat bays of the west coast of Guernsey, and their remains are still visible. Rocquaine Castle is one of the larger forts, and kept in repair.

Pleinmont boasts some of the finest of Guernsey's cliffs—dangerous for climbing, as has been sadly proved on more than one occasion, but with due caution one may safely enjoy the grand view and invigorating breezes which characterize this district.



TORTEVAL CHURCH



ROCQUAINE CASTLE AND PLEINMONT



ROCQUAINE BAY

ROCQUAINE BAY

“**F**AR from the madding crowd,” indeed, lies this wide, lovely sweep of sandy beach. Full of old-world tales and legends are the fisher-folk, whose dwellings cluster round the bay.

As an example of these, let us tell the story of the hermit who is said to have lived at Pleinmont, never leaving his cell except for holy ministrations to those in need, but often seen in prayer in his solitude. One night some belated fishermen beheld a strange sight—the hermit crossed the sands, and met a shrouded figure which came from another direction to talk with him, standing upon a rock in the bay. After this night the hermit was never seen again, but the rock bears to this day the prints of feet pointing in opposite directions, as can be plainly seen at low tide by those curious to examine for themselves the relic upon which the old tale is founded.

THE CREUX ES FAÏES

THIS is one of the many pre-historic remains found in Guernsey, and a very fine specimen. Human bones and pottery were found when the Creux was first opened. The older inhabitants relate that, in times gone by, knitting left near the Creux with a food offering would be finished during the night by invisible hands, and the food would disappear. This, of course, was believed to be the work of the “good people,” or fairies, who are connected by legend with most of the “Creux” in the Channel Islands.

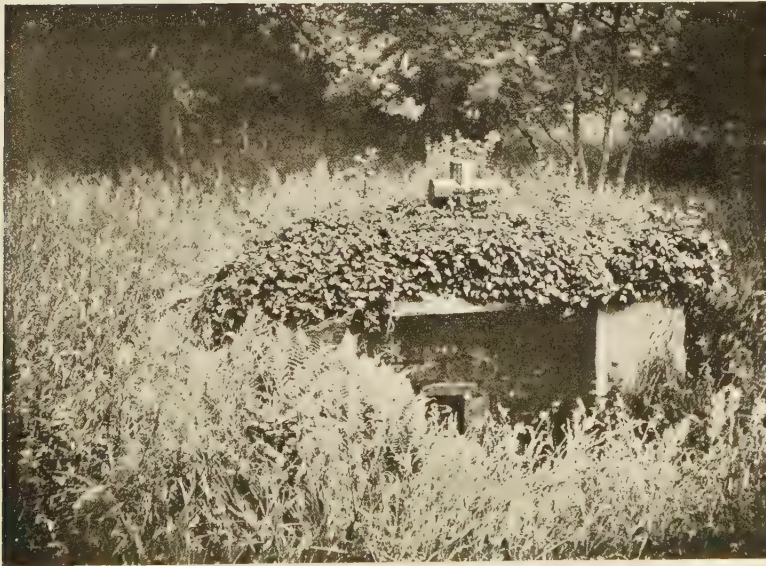
ST. GEORGE'S HOLY WELL

THIS well, on the fine estate of St. George Castel, bears a high reputation for healing virtue. Many legends relating to the well are still current, the best known tells how St. George and St. Patrick met here, and desirous of leaving some gracious token of their meeting, St. Patrick gathered up and took away with him all toads and poisonous snakes, while St. George bestowed upon the well the power to heal disease.

It is a fact that poisonous snakes and toads are unknown in the Island, though they are found in Jersey.



THE CREUX ES FAÏES



ST. GEORGE'S HOLY WELL



ST. MARIE DE CASTRO

ST. MARIE DE CASTRO

ABOUT the middle of the eleventh century certain piratical Moors built for themselves a castle in Guernsey. History is not communicative with regard to their subsequent exploits, but in 1203 a church was built upon the site of their castle, and duly consecrated for the use of the Guernsey folk. The massive arcades and curious spiral staircase are distinguishing features of the church, but its most romantic associations are recalled by the fanciful name which conjures up visions of the daring deeds and armed prowess of the olden time.

The curious old post under the tree is rudely carved to resemble a human figure, and is the fellow of the one at St. Martin's churchyard gate.

COBO BAY

BREEZY and bracing is the tone of this wide, rocky bay, the great waves rolling in and dashing among mighty boulders, bringing with them health-giving freshness and absorbing interest, with ever-varying aspect and changeful light and colour. One huge rock bears the name of "The Lion," from a distinct resemblance it bears to a lion's head, but the whole bay is piled with broken rocks, and tells of wild storm and surging seas.

The Rocque de Guet, or Watch Tower, rises high at the back of the bay. A curious fact in relation to this spot is that from below we can watch the sunset; and if immediately it dips below the horizon we climb quickly to the summit of the Rocque, we can thence see it set again.



COBO BAY



GRANDE ROCQUE



L'ISLET

GRANDE ROCQUE

NORTH of Cobo Bay, and with many of the same characteristics, is Grande Rocque, its broad, sandy beach inviting to the bather; its grassy slopes delightful for picnic parties; its wide panorama of sea and sky impressive and glorious in the extreme.

The terrible jagged rocks stretching seaward have been responsible for the loss of many a boat in time past, lending themselves well to the help of the cruel wreckers, who long and successfully plied on this coast their wicked trade. The cottages are few and isolated here; the country folk speak nothing but the Island patois.

L'ISLET

THIS is one of the less known parts of the Island, full of delights of its own, especially for the younger folk. One of the bays is full of fine, soft sand, glorious for paddling and for building sand castles; beyond this, among drifting seaweed and hiding in the pools at low tide, are tribes of shrimps ready for the small fisherman and his net. At the point, called Grande Havre, is a fishing station especially noted for lobsters.

L'ANCRESE COMMON

ON this wide and breezy common are found deeply interesting relics of former days, the two dolmens here being particularly fine, and when first explored yielding rich treasures for the antiquarian, now carefully preserved in a private museum. And where so long ago men lived, and worked, and worshipped, the golfers of to-day enjoy their delightful sport, amidst surroundings in every way conducive to their pleasure. The Club possesses a charming little pavilion, and the course is excellent.

The Races are held on this Common, and the three days' Rifle Meeting, or "Guernsey Wimbledon," takes place here also. Marksmanship is a point in which the Guernsey men excel, as will be remembered by those who watch the scores at Bisley year by year.



L'ANCRESSE COMMON



ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, THE VALE

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, THE VALE

THIS church was founded by monks from Mont St. Michael, and called by the name of their patron saint. The ruins of the ancient monastery which they built beside the church still remain, and the porch and windows, also the Norman arches, tell of the age and origin of the church. The date usually assigned is 1117. The Very Rev. the Dean of Guernsey is Rector of the Vale Church.

VALE CASTLE

LEGEND connects the building of this castle with the name of Robert le Diable of Normandy, who is said to have lent the monks of Vale Priory workmen to assist in its erection. Though quite a ruin, the underground passages can still be traversed and the central square and ramparts explored. There is also an old well, dry and deep. In Napoleon's days a garrison of Russian mercenaries held the castle; the graves of some of these soldiers are to be seen in the little cemetery below, and traces of Russian names and physical characteristics may still be met with among the natives of the Vale.

It is to be hoped that the granite quarry below this ancient pile will not be allowed to encroach and destroy so picturesque a landmark.



VALE CASTLE



BORDEAUX HARBOUR

BORDEAUX HARBOUR

THIS is the popular resort of the younger population of St. Sampson's, its flat, low beach, with stretches of fine sand and groups of boulders, making a delightful playground for them. For their elders, who are interested in zoology, the pools here are of paramount importance, rare anemones and sea urchins finding a home in the rocky crevices.

ST. SAMPSON'S CHURCH

THIS is one of the oldest churches in Guernsey, dating probably from 1111. It has been altered and restored, and has lost some of its interesting features, but is still noteworthy. In the churchyard are many curious epitaphs in French and patois, striking the English ear as very old-world and quaint.

GRANITE WORKS AT ST. SAMPSON'S

THE little town of St. Sampson's practically owes its existence to the large granite quarries that are worked all over the parish.

A great deal of machinery is imported to be used in cracking and cutting the granite, which is grey in colour and of a coarser grain than that which is found in England and Scotland. Besides the machine cracking, armies of men, and even occasionally a few women, may be seen breaking the granite with small hammers. This method is preferred for certain purposes, as the stone is not pulverised to the same extent as that which is machine cracked. Electricity is the usual motive power in the granite works here.



ST. SAMPSON'S CHURCH



GRANITE WORKS, ST. SAMPSON'S



TOMATO GROWING

TOMATO GROWING

“GUERNSEY is being spoilt by the greenhouses,” the old residents tell us. No doubt the out-stretching miles of glass look strange to those who recollect green fields only, and from an artistic point of view, their complaint is just. But what a source of revenue to the Island it is, and how many gain their living through this industry!

Tons of the delicious red balls are annually sent away to English markets, and a sight indeed are the close-set rows of tomato plants, their fruit glowing ruddy among the clustering leaves. But, let me whisper a secret—the very nicest time to eat tomatoes is when freshly gathered—at least, so say those privileged to live in Guernsey and to put the matter to the test.



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